

# THE GOAT

“A” “H Q” “B”

## ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

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Published at St. Johns, P.Q.

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“A”

H.Q.

“B”

MAY, 1928.

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Advertising rates on application. Contributions invited.

Cutting from other papers must bear the name of the paper from which they are taken.

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## "Brush-Up" Course, Stanley Barracks, Toronto, 1910.



(This cut was kindly loaned by Maj. F. B. Inkster, Hon. Sec., Canadian Cavalry Association.)

Back row standing, left to right—Maj. Roberts, 13th Cav. Fd. Amb.; Lt. Ackhurst, 26th Dns.; Maj. Hanson, 26th Hrs.; Maj. Mooney, 7th Hrs.; Major Churchill, 6th Hrs.; Major Perry, 6th Hrs.; Capt. Long, 6th Hrs. Lt. Brooks, 2nd Dns.; Capt. Keefler, G.G.B.G., Major Curtis, 26th Dns.

Second row, left to right:—Lt. Kirkpatrick, Lt.-Col. Dennison, 1st Cav. Bde.; Major Mayberry, 24th (Grey's) H.; Major Stewart, 1st Hrs. Maj. Leatherland 4th Hrs.; Lt. Col. Chadwick, Maj. Moffat, 13th Dns.; Major Courtney, 5th Dns.; Lt. Col. Holmes, 4th Hrs.; Major Bissonette, 6th Hrs.; Colonel Syer, 3rd Dns.; Capt. Edgar 24th (Grey's) H.; Col. Merritt, Major Wilcox, 26th Dns.

Third row, left to right:—Major Irvine, Lt. Col. Merrison, 1st Hrs.; Lt. Colonel Reilly, 17th Hrs.; Lt.-Col. Turner, V.C., 3rd Cav. Bde.; Lt. Col. Williams, A.D.C., Insp. of Cav. Lt. Col. Brown, 2nd Cav. Bde. Lt. Col. Stevens, 11th Hrs.; Lt. Colonel Fraser, 2nd Dns.; Lt. Colonel Fleming, G.G.B.G.

Fourth row, left to right:—Lt. Nordheimer, R.C. Dns.; Major Stull, 2nd Dns.; Capt. Stockwell, 11th Hrs.; Maj. Munro, 5th Dns.; Lt. MacBrien, R.C. Dns.; Lt. Ewing, 11th Hrs.; Maj. Boutelle, 11th Hrs.; Lt. Blue, 5th Dns.; Maj. Sharpe, 2nd Dns.; Major Leonard, 1st Hrs.



## Editor's Notes.

Owing to the Naval and Military Tournament in Montreal running so close to the 24th of May, it was decided to hold over this issue in order that we might include the sport results of the latter date. The weatherman intervened, however, so we will have to wait for the next issue to publish them, the 4th of June being the date set when we hope for more propitious weather.

The "Trooper William Wide-awake" contest has not elicited the response we had hope for so we have decided to discontinue it. We are very sorry to note this indifference on the part of serving members, especially those in St. Johns, and the staff sometimes have their doubts as to the support which many take for granted. We wish to state once more that "The Goat" is **Your** magazine and that it will never amount to a "hill of beans" unless we all pull together more than we're doing.

The public who missed seeing Naval and Military Tournament at the Forum in Montreal were most unlucky. From a spectacular as well as a financial point of view it was a decided success and goes to show that the services are and always will be great drawing card with the general public.

The greatest credit is due to those who so ably organized such a tremendous spectacle; also to the splendid enthusiasm of all ranks of the militia and cadets taking part.

The sight of the units once more in pre-war full-dress was something that will not soon be forgotten and it cannot help but stimulate recruiting throughout the services. On all sides could be heard exclamations of admiration and at the end of the grand finale the expressed wish that there would soon be another show of a like nature.

Let us hope that in future it will be an annual affair.

The following officers of the station were employed on the various committees as under:—

Programme Committee: Maj. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O.

Producing Committee: Maj. R.

S. Timmis, D.S.O., Capt. G. F. Berteau

Trench Raid: Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., (programme sub-committee.)

## Personal & Regimental

### St. Johns

Welcome to Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns: Capt. and Mrs. J. Wood and son William. A close season for souvenir hunters has been declared in St. Johns.

We also wish to welcome home Major and Mrs. Balders and son from their trip abroad.

We were delighted to run across our old friend "Beaudry" Leblanc while attending the tournament. Almost succeeded in getting him back into uniform again at the sight of the boys in review order; in fact he was a frequent visitor to the lines at Attwater Park and voluntarily took over the duties of orderly officer, paying special attention to the inspection of the men's rations.

Another of the old boys and a thorough enthusiast, Major Lindsay Smeaton, was much in evidence. Although "Smeat" is deeply engrossed in the hunt for gold, silver and precious stones, he remains full of the "cavalry spirit" in fact he was quite ready to take the writer on in a few runs at the peg. **blindfolded** if necessary!

We were also delighted to run across another well-known face, that of Major "Chip" Drury. Many of us hadn't seen him since the good old days of Festubert and Givenchy when we were footsloggers. It did the heart good to see him surrounded by such men as Charley Smith, Titch Travers, Brown, Tamblyn, etc. And how they did fight again the old battles! All success to "Chip" as the president of the Piggly-Wiggly chain of stores is the wish of his old friends.

We wish to congratulate Charlie Smith, jr. and Pat Forgraves on being appointed King's Scouts. They are the only ones in St. Johns who have as yet attained this distinction.

Ex-Tpr. Constantine was down on the 24th to see us. The "big bruiser" is driving a taxi now in Montreal.

Notwithstanding the inclement weather the band of the Royal Highlanders came down from Montreal on the 24th. They were entertained at the various messes and during the evening they played for us in the canteen, under the leadership of Sgt. Hineson. Bandmaster Lt. Jones expressed on behalf of himself as well as that of the band his delight at being with us and gave us his assurance that they would be with us again on the 4th of June. It was the occasion for renewing old friendships and fighting the old battle over again. Mr. Jones will probably remember the time he told "Mick" Reilly: "Even if you did score three goals last night, that's no reason for your piccolo being dirty this morning!"

Later in the evening a dance was held in the Gymnasium.

Despite the postponement of the sports due to inclement weather, a number of guests from Montreal managed to motor down and were entertained at tea in the officers' mess. The following were present:—

Mr. Harold Thompson, M.F.H., Montreal Hunt.

Mr. and Mrs. Learmont

Col. and Mrs. Chasse.

Col. and Mrs. Prower

Col. and Mrs. White

Miss Lavoie.

Col. and Mrs. MacPherson

Major Lindsay Smeaton

Col. Keefler

Major and Mrs. Trotter

Mrs. M. Turney

The Misses Duval

Rev. and Mrs. Coulthurst

Mr. Vincent Cleary

Mr. and Mrs. John Savoy

Mr. Harold Savoy

Mr. Paul Savoy

Mr. Jones

Mrs. Colin Cameron

Mr. and Mrs. Longtin

The following from the station

attended:—

Major R. S. Timmis

Major and Mrs. Balders

Capt. and Mrs. Williams

Capt. and Mrs. Berteau

Capt. and Mrs. Wood

N/S Wylie

Major Sawers

Capt. Grant

Capt. Nicholls

Capt. Joyce.

### (Toronto)

Lt. Col. Douglas Bowie, D.S.O., Royal Canadian Dragoons, Officer Commanding Stanley Barracks and the Officers of Stanley Barracks, entertained at Dinner on Tuesday evening April 24th in the Officers Mess, for His Honour The Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. The following guests were present, His Grace The Archbishop of Toronto, Major-General Sir Henry Pellatt, C.V.O., Lt. Col. The Hon. W. H. Price, Major-General V. A. S. Williams, C.M.G., Brig.-Gen. C. M. Nelles, C.M.G., Brig.-Gen. C. H. Bell, C.M.G., D.S.O., George Beardmore, Esq., Colonel J. L. R. Parsons, C.M.G., D.S.O., J. A. Pearson, Esq., R. S. McLaughlin, Esq., Lt. Col. B. E. Browne, D.S.O., M.C., Lt. Colonel N. D. Perry, D.S.O., Major H. W. W. Wood, G. G. Lemesurier, Esq., Walter Gillespie, Esq., W. P. Fraser, Esq., C. C. Mann, Esq., and Captain E. W. Haldenby, M.C.

The D.O.C. Military District No. 2, Officers of the Headquarter Staff and Commanding Officers of the various militia units of the Toronto Garrison entertained in honour of Col. The Hon. J. L. Ralston, C.M.G., D.S.O. Minister of National Defence, at an informal luncheon which was held in the Officers' Mess at Stanley Barracks on Monday 16th April.

The following officers were present:

Major General H. A. Panet, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

(Col. Comdt. (Hon. Brig.-Gen.)

A. H. Bell, C.M.G., D.S.O.

Col. J. L. R. Parsons, C.M.G., D.S.O.



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Lt. Col. W. Rhoades, D.S.O.,  
M.C.

Colonel F. S. L. Ford, C.M.G.

Colonel E. C. Dean,

Lt. Col. D. B. Bowie, D.S.O.,  
R.C.D.

Colonel W. A. McCrimmon

Lt. Col. K. R. Marshall, C.M.G.,  
D.S.O.

Lt. Col. E. G. Switzer, Irish  
Regt.

Lt. Col. H. J. Coghill, P.P.C.L.I.  
(Ottawa)

Colonel A. J. E. Kirkpatrick,  
V.D., 6th Infantry Bde.

Colonel D. H. C. Mason, D.S.O.,  
O.B.E., V.D., 14th Infantry Bde.

Col. T. L. Kennedy, V.D., 1st  
Mounted Brigade.

Col. R. Pellatt, Queen's Own  
Rifes.

Lt. Col. C. A. Corrigan, D.S.O.,  
2nd Divisional Train C.A.S.C.

Lt. Col. S. J. Streight, O.B.E.,  
No. 2 Cas. Clearing Station.

Lt. Col. S. B. Pepler, M.B.E.,  
M.C., Toronto Regiment

Lt. Col. C. J. Ingles, D.S.O.,  
V.D., Queen's Rangers.

Lt. Col. J. Mess, 1st Bn., Can.  
Machine Gun Corps.

Lt. Col. A. O. T. Beardmore, V.  
D. Royal Grenadiers

Lt. Col. J. E. L. Streight, M.C.  
G.G.B.G.

Lt. Col. D. Mackenzie Waters,  
M.C., 3rd Fld. Bde. C.A.

Lt. Col. W. A. Moore, V.D. Mis-  
sissauga Horse

Lt. Col. W. H. Watson, Toronto  
Scottish Regt.

Lt. Col. B. W. Browne, D.S.O.,  
M.C., D.A.A. and Q.M.G., M.D.  
No. 2.

Major G. H. McLaren, 48th Rgt.  
(Highlanders)

Major A. M. Thomas, M.B.E.,  
Toronto Scottish Regt.

Major R. G. Saunders, M.C., No.  
Cyc. C. of G.

Major W. A. Kyle, No. 8 Cyc.  
Co. Corps of Guides.

We are pleased to state that  
Captain Stewart Bate has been  
discharged from Christie Street  
Hospital and is now at his home  
in Ottawa on one month's sick  
leave. We hope to see him back  
at duty at Niagara completely re-  
covered after his serious opera-  
tion.

Capt. and Mrs. James Wood and  
Master Billy Wood have proceeded  
to St. Johns, P.Q., on the transfer  
of the former from "B" to "A"

Squadron with effect from May  
1st. They will be sadly missed  
in Toronto, not only due to the  
fact that Captain Wood's total ser-  
vice with the Royal Canadian Dra-  
goons which dates back to 1907 has  
practically all been performed at  
Stanley Barracks, but that we shall  
miss those winsome smiles with  
which both he and Mrs. Wood were  
blessed and which they always used  
to the best advantage of them-  
selves and everyone connected with  
Stanley Barracks. It has been  
declared an "Open Season" for  
souvenir hunters in Stanley Bar-  
racks since May 1st.

An informal Afternoon Tea held  
in Stanley Barracks on Friday,  
April 27th where the officers and  
their wives assembled to bid adieu  
to Captain and Mrs. Wood, to wish  
them bon voyage, and all happiness  
in their new surroundings at St.  
Johns. The following were pre-  
sent: Lt. Col. and Mrs. D. B. Bow-  
ie, Major and Mrs. E. L. Caldwell,  
Major and Mrs. W. Baty, Major  
and Mrs. A. K. Hemming, Captain  
and Mrs. M. H. A. Drury, Captain  
and Mrs. T. A. James, and Messrs  
Gillespie, Mann and Cameron

Captain W. J. Home, M.C. The  
R.C.R. who commanded a company  
of his Regiment in the famous 'at-  
tack on Mons on the morning of  
November 11th 1918 has graduat-  
ed from the "War College" Co-  
bourg, Ontario.

"B" Squadron, R.C.D. furnish-  
ed an escort for His Honor the Lt.  
Governor of Ontario on the occa-  
sion of the closing of the Provinc-  
ial Legislature. The escort was  
commanded by Capt. J. Wood.

Tpr. A. Lauder was admitted to  
Christie Street Hospital last month  
where he underwent an emergency  
operation for appendicitis. Re-  
ports are that he is doing as well  
as can be expected.

Capt. and Mrs. L. D. Hammond  
and family arrived in Toronto on  
May 1st in the transfer of the  
former from "A" to "B" Squa-  
dron and are now located on Spen-  
cer Avenue. All ranks extend  
their hearty welcome to Captain  
Hammond and his family and  
trust that their stay in Toronto  
will be a very happy one. Captain  
Hammond also brought with him  
his well known jumping horses

"Witchcraft" and "Sergeant  
Murphy." His groom Tpr. Haines  
also transferred from "A" to "B"  
Sqn. at the same time.

Capt. Wood's charger "Roy-  
candra" on which he won the Old  
Fort Plate at Petawawa last year  
has been transferred with him to  
St. Johns. Tpr. and Mrs. "Dan"  
Thatcher and Master Willie That-  
cher also transferred to St. Johns  
to complete the establishment of  
the Wood household.

Major-General E. C. Ashton,  
C.M.G., paid a flying visit to Stan-  
ley Barracks on the morning of  
April 26th and inspected the re-  
cent alterations in the vicinity of  
the stables.

Lieut. Duckett, R.A.S.C. spent a  
night in Barracks last month whilst  
motoring en route from Winnipeg  
to Ottawa.

Lt. Col. Bowie, D.S.O. left for  
Montreal on April 29th to visit  
his mother. He proceeded to St.  
Johns, Que., to inspect "A" Sqn.,  
R.C.D., on Thursday May 3rd and  
returned to Toronto on 7th May.

Lieut. W. G. D. Chadwick is at  
present in Toronto on leave from  
"A" Sqn. St. Johns, Que., and  
was a welcome visitor to Stanley  
Barracks.

The Officers of Stanley Bar-  
racks occupied a table at the din-  
ner given in the Crystal Ball Room  
of the King Edward Hotel on Mon-  
day evening, April 16th by the  
officers of Toronto Garrison in  
honour of the Minister of Nation-  
al Defence.

R.H.Q. and "B" Sqn., R.C.D.  
will move to Niagara-on-the-lake  
on Tuesday 29th May by march  
route.

"One seat, well forward in the  
centre downstairs, for tonight's  
performance. Have you got it?"

"Can you play a fiddle?—West  
Point Pointer.

"I'm thinking of going to Eu-  
rope: how much will it cost me?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing!"

"Yes, thinking about it won't  
cost you anything."





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## Bytown Bits.

**Farewell Dinner:**—A farewell banquet was tendered recently by the officers of the Department of National Defence in honor of Col. A. O. Lambert, former director of pay services at headquarters who has been transferred after six years of service here to Montreal where he will be paymaster at M.D. 4. Among those in attendance at the banquet were G. J. Desbarats, Deputy Minister of National Defence, and Major General H. A. Panet, who occupied the chair.

Col. Lambert has been succeeded at headquarters by Col. J. T. E. Gagnon, O.B.E. who has relinquished the office of district paymaster at Montreal.

Col. Gagnon was base paymaster of the Canadian Expeditionary Force during the war. In 1918 he returned to Canada to return again to France for two years with the Battlefields Commission.

**Pats Dinner:**—The tenth annual dinner of the Patricia Club at Ottawa, Old Comrades Association, will be held on May 19 at Trafalgar House, headquarters of the Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League, 29 Cartier street. A committee consisting of the following has charge of the arrangements: A. C. Wiltshire, Gerald H. Brown, Thomas B. Heaslip, R. D. Whitmore; T. T. Shields, W. A. Garvin, T. B. Ranin, J. G. Tapp and W. Smith.

**Col. Eliot Passes:**—The Capital has lost a prominent and highly esteemed citizen and distinguished soldier in the death which took place shortly before noon on April 27th at his residence, 148 Elgin street, of the late Lieut.-Col. Chas. Algerson Eliot former manager of the Royal Trust Company in his seventy-second year.

While Lt.-Col. Eliot had been in failing health for some time past the end was quite unexpected and his passing will be regretted by a wide circle of friends and business acquaintances.

He was born at Fort George, Scotland, on March 9th, 1857, the son of the late Captain William H. Eliot, of His Majesty's Fifteenth Foot Regiment and came to this country from Scotland when he was a boy, and resided for many

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years at Halifax, later moving to Montreal, where for several years he was attached to the Bank of Montreal.

He joined the Royal Trust Company as branch manager in this city in April, 1912 holding office until his retirement on March 1st this year.

In 1879 he joined the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards as a trooper and retired as its commanding officer in 1910 with the Long Service Decoration.

**P.L.D.G. Dinner:**—The first dinner of all ranks of the P.L.D.G. since the war was held in the Chateau Laurier on the evening of the 18th of April and took the form of a farewell to Lieut. Col. W. A. Blue, who has relinquished command of the unit. The chair was taken by Major F. B. Inkster who succeeds in command and over 200 were present. During the evening Col. Blue was presented with a handsome silver cigarette case by the Sergeants of the Regiment.

**Gave Dance:**—On the evening of April 20 the Sergeants of the

P.L.D.G. entertained at a dance party in the Wembley. The guests were received by R. S. M. Lee and Mrs. Lee and over 180 were present. The out-of-town guests included Sergeant Major and Mrs. Tamblyn from St. Johns.

**Red Chevron Dinner:**—The annual Red Chevron dinner was held on the evening of April 23 at the Chaudiere Golf club. A large number were present and the chair was taken by Major General J. H. MacBrien.

**Inspector of Cavalry:**—For some years before the war there was an Officer known as Inspector of Cavalry. The post was held first by the late Major-General Lessard and afterwards by Brig.-General Nelles for Eastern Canada, Maj. General Macdonnell for the West. Since reorganization no one has been appointed and it is felt in cavalry circles that the post should be filled. In M.D. 3 the units have been lucky in having a cavalry officer as District Commander but some of the other regiments have not been so fortunate. It is felt that the time is now ripe for the



re-appointment of the Officers Commanding the R.C.D. and the L.S.H., to their posts in the East and the West.

**Command Changes:**—Just when all ranks at Ottawa had been ready to receive Colonel W. W. P. Gibsone, as the new commander for M.D. No. 3, the word came that he was to go to Halifax and that Col. W. B. Anderson who had been in in St. John, N.B., would come to Kingston in his place. While we all are sorry to lose Colonel Gibsone even before we had him yet we all extend a welcome to Col. Anderson, who is well known in the Capital.

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**Association Report:**—The annual report of the Canadian Cavalry Association has been published and is a work of art. Numerous pictures adorn the report and it is one of the best ever turned out. A special feature is a reproduction of the photo taken at Stanley Barracks in 1910 when the Association was formed.

**Guards Dinner:**—The members of the G.G.F.G. held a dinner on the evening of the 2nd, in memory of the action at Cut Knife Creek in 1885 in which the Guards Co'y of Sharpshooters were engaged. In the morning the monument in City Hall Square was decorated.

#### Beer

Twinkle, twinkle, little Beer,  
Glad am I to see you here.  
In your tankard shining bright  
You are simply a delight.  
In the glass your amber sheen  
Carries joy to all I ween.  
Those who would your fame de-  
cry,  
May they go for ever dry.

## Old Comrades Notes.

Saturday, July 14th. has been selected for the date of the Annual Picnic for members of the Old Comrades Association and their families, to be held at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Capt. Henry Bate spent a day in Barracks on May 1st and accompanied Captain Stuart Bate by motor to Ottawa, when the latter proceeded on leave.

At a meeting of the Executive of the Old Comrades' Association held at Stanley Barracks recently, at which there was a good attendance, Col. Bowie in the chair, it was decided that the Association would attend the Memorial Parade on Thursday, May 24th to lay wreaths on the Cenotaph and Monuments of past campaigns. The parade will assemble at the Armouries, University Avenue, at 9 a.m.

It was also decided that the Annual Picnic would be again held

this summer and July 14th was chosen as the date. Further particulars will be arranged at future meetings.

Glad to have Freddy Powell and Harold Short with us on the 24th May. We hope they will be with us again on the 4th June when the sports are run off.

General MacBrien, former C.G.S. and late R.C.D. visited our horse lines in Attwater Park and expressed great pleasure at seeing the horses looking so well. He also was interested in our "canvas stables." The General took the salute from the musical ride on Friday night.

Major "Chip" Drury, late R.C.D. called on our camp and entertained Major Timmis and Capt. Berteau to luncheon. He also sent some cases of beer to the Sergeants' Mess who wish to express their thanks to him for his kindness.

Ex-Sgt. Colin C. Greener, M.M.,



3rd Troop, "B" Squadron have been awarded the Canadian Cavalry Association Cup for Troop efficiency for the year 1927. The above group shows the officers and non-commissioned officers of the 3rd Troop. They are:

Standing, left to right: L/Cpl. Searle; Cpl. Nickle; Corpl. Blake; Sergt. Mercer; Corpl. Martin; L/Cpl. Webb.

Sitting, left to right: S/Sgt. F. Sturgess; Lieut. C. C. Mann; Major E. L. Caldwell, O.C., "B" Sqn.; Lieut. Bt. Capt. J. Wood; Sergt. C. Sayger; Sergt. G. C. Simpkin.

The cups won during the year 1927 are from left to right: The Canadian Cavalry Association Cup presented to "B" Sqn., R.C.D. for Troop efficiency; Cup presented by Majors Timmis and Baty for Inter-Troop Football and the Walker Bell Challenge Cup for Inter-Troop Hockey.



writes to say he is sorry that Mr. Powell misunderstood him when he referred to the latter's statements on "Esprit de Corps" as "blowing off steam," and apologises for any wrong impression he might have created.

Troopers Harrington and Heffernan are on leave pending discharge. "Teddy" Harrington enlisted on the 15th July 1919 having had previous service with the 23rd Battalion. Tpr Heffernan had a little more than two years in with the regiment. We are very sorry to lose both of these men and hope they will come down and see us from time to time.

Some of the ex-members who paid a visit to Attwater Park are:

George Corker, 2nd Troop  
Red Rowe, 3rd Troop  
Pit Tibby, 2nd Troop  
Cecil Rowe, 3rd Troop  
A. Arnold, 1st Troop  
A. Poulin, 1st Troop  
Bill Struthers, 2nd Troop  
Big Willey, 3rd Troop  
Arthur MacArthur, 3rd Troop

Connie Constantine, 3rd Troop  
Mr. Mullock, 3rd Troop.

### NEW BRANCH OF LEGION FORMED IN MONTREAL

Ex-members of Cavalry Units Meet and Elect Officers

A new branch of the Canadian Legion has been formed. It will be known as the Cavalry Branch, having temporary headquarters in the Armory of the Duke of York's Hussars, on Pine Avenue West.

At a meeting held recently the following officers were elected:— President, T. A. Moore; 1st vice-president, W. A. Dechene; secretary-treasurer, F. W. Powell; executive committee A. Ashton, R. J. Brown, H. Short, R. Thompson, A. McMurray, A. B. Martin, D. C. M. and A. Gill.

The branch is composed exclusively of ex-members of cavalry units of the British Army, war time or otherwise, and of the present membership, more than 50 per cent, were of the First Canadian Contingent with the Red Chevron.

The inaugural meeting of the

branch will be held in the Armory of the Hussars, Pine Avenue, on June 4, and it is hoped that all men who were at one time connected with the Cavalry will be present.

Capt. W. T. Fortye who for the past few years has been with the Bank of Montreal at Kingston, Ontario, was a visitor to Stanley Barracks on Thurs. May 10th. Captain Fortye has just severed a connection of eighteen years standing with the Bank of Montreal and has taken a position in charge of the Montreal office of Macdonald and McPherson and Co., Ltd., Stock Brokers, whose Montreal address is 18 Hospital Street.

### Here and There.

There is nothing in the rumour that the Adjutant is working on a scheme to relieve unemployment among the I.C.

Cully says: Sergeant Sheehy keeps his head about as well as he does his "seat."

We wish to congratulate our insomniac pioneer on his versatility in handling the coffee-bar and library in addition to his regular duties during the recent absence of librarian and coffee-bar steward.

### Trials of an Editor.

The final proofs of your GOAT had been gone over when one minute before putting the baby to bed and the giant presses of the St. Johns News were about to do their stuff, Cully rushed into the editor's office and demanded that we stop the presses. "I told your reporter, sir, that 'Tommy' Sheehy had fell off his horse and what I meant to say was that he had fell off the wagon." Capt. Berteau grabbed the telephone. "Hey, Mundell," he shouted hoarsely, "stop the presses."

A trooper who was very fond of horses and another liar were talking in the canteen one night. "Have another one," said one. "No thanks, I'm going over to the room now to read animal management."



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Let us explain how Gruen obtains dependability with daintiness in this patented Cartouche movement.



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patronize

**G. Cousineau,**  
Barber,  
THE BARRACKS.

The Goat is printed by E. R. Smith  
Co., Limited, General Printers, St.  
Johns, P.Q.

Gen. Chang says China is ready to fight the world. If he will write to a Mr. William Hohensoltern, Doorn, Holland, he may hear that this has been tried before, but with very little success.

When a horseman rides a great distance he usually supervises in person the wants of his horse. Evidently such is not the case with the aeroplane as the Bremen still remains stranded near Greenly Island. Major-General Fechet is going to fetch it.

#### Royal Innocence

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales displayed a cartoon recently of a plump and ruddy personage, The Rt. Hon. W. Churchill, in the act of presenting his budget for 1928 to the House of Commons. When the details leaked out serious minded people recalled the fact that during the Chancellor's recent speech the Prince sat in the gallery, just over the clock, with paper pencil and an innocent, virtuous air of taking notes.

The very flower of Britain's wartime heroes donned crimson and white robes of chivalry, last week, and assembled as the Most Noble Order of the Bath. The order is primarily militant. Civilians aspire to the Garter, but seldom to the Bath. Therefore last week it was a military pageant which moved with clanking swords through London, entered Westminster Abbey, traversed the long nave, and stamped with martial tread into the majestic, vaulted Chapel of Henry VII.

"To the King's taste"

# Buckingham



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15¢ Per Package

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As a stirring climax to the induction there was administered to them this Knightly Oath:

"You shall honor God above all things; you shall be steadfast in the faith of Christ. You shall love the King your Sovereign Lord and him and his right defend to your power. You shall defend maidens, widows and orphans in their rights and shall suffer no extortion as far as you may prevent it, and of as great

honor be this order unto you as ever it was to any of your progenitors or others."

After so ennobling a ceremony observers regretted that they could not banish from memory the gross legend which recounts how King Henry IV (1367-1413) was moved to establish the Order of the Bath. A certain courageous soldier had knelt before the Sovereign to be knighted, but His Majesty, al-



Escort of "B" Squadron R.C.D. supplied on April 3rd on the occasion of the Prorogation of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Ontario. Officer Commanding, Capt. J. Wood, R.C.D.

Left to right: Tpr. Sharpe, Tpr. Nesbitt, Cpl. Martin, Tpr. Thomas, Sgt. Sturgess, Tpr. Hutchings, Corpl. Siggins, Tpr. Hemingway, L/Cpl. Webb, L/Cpl. Hood, Corpl. Galloway, Tpr. Duff, Sergt. Sayger.



though not squeamish, recoiled at the kneeling man's terrific exudations. Tactful, King Henry IV, is said to have thereupon declared: "This brave fellow requires rest and refreshments after his prolonged heroism. Take him away and give him a bath and fresh raiment and sustenance. Then bring him again before me to be knighted."

The other night after the Orderly Officer had inspected the horses he asked Tpr. Roy what he'd do if a fire broke out. At first he did not catch the question and S. M. Hopkinson repeat it. "Oh," he replied, "I'd light another one."

We were pleased to see ex-Tpr. Desfosses in Barracks the other day. He is now travelling for Heinz Co. This probably accounts for his getting the boys pickled that day.

A man sent in his card the other day to Major Timmis. Stated his business was of the highest importance. He said: "Protect the

dear ones you leave behind; get your life insured." He is still running.

Now that the British War Office has officially recognized the tank to replace the horse we can now say that cavalry is a thing of the past. At least we can say it to the marines.

In years to come when the horse is a fit object for the antiquarian section of the museums members of the force will wonder and say: "Is it possible they used to travel and fight on a thing like that?"

We wish to dispel that rumour about Cpl. Desnoyers. He is NOT taking over from the Pioneer.

#### Many a Slip

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,"  
Said the girl who always used care.  
So she dropped the heir to the million,  
And married the millionaire.  
(American Legion Weekly)

## Beasts "Of Whatever Description."

(By Captain H. Bullock, I.A.)  
(In the Cavalry Journal)

One can hardly help sympathising with the unfortunate troophorse's annoyance at finding that, in the eyes of the Law and the words of the Army Act, "the expression 'horse' includes a mule, and that the provisions of this Act shall apply to any **beast of whatever description** used for burden or draught, or for carrying persons, in like manner as if such beast were included in the expression 'horse.'" But if the noble animal went further into the matter, he would find that he has no cause to be aggrieved, for Military Law has always been jealous of his dignity, and watchful of equine interests. Indeed, so long ago as the time of King Richard the Second, was not the horse's sterling worth realised, for when that king laid down his code of military law, the almost invariable punishment for an offending man-at-arms was deprivation of his "horse and harness."?

Later, Henry VIII's "Army Act" gives a glimpse of the cavalry drill of the period, enacting that "every horse man at the first blast of the trumpet shall saddle or cause to be saddled his horse, at the second to bridle, at

the third to leap on his horse's back to wait on the King, or his Lord or Captain." Even those horses who were enemy aliens were protected, for we read that no man should "take any horse or horses, ox or oxen, in any country won or pacified, from any man going to plough, or any labourer." This code also, continued the punishment of forfeiture of horse and harness.

In the Archbishop of Conterbury's library at Lambeth Palace, there may be seen a manuscript of Lord Mountoy's "Lawes and orders for the warres and Martiall Law in the Kingdom of Ireland," in 1660. In these, the tradition is continued; and it is ordered that "no soldier do sell, or lay to pawn, his horse or hackney nor any part of his furniture arms or apparel, on pain of death." Any inhabitant "in Town or Country," who bought or received in pawn any of the above from a soldier, was likewise punishable with imprisonment and forfeiture of a sum up to double the value given. Further, any horseman losing his horse or hackney "by neglect or any other Lewdness," whereby he was unable to discharge his duties, was punished by being made to serve as a pioneer till his horse was recovered. At that time, and for long afterwards the pioneer in the Army was looked on as one of the lowest of the low—a menial, in fact.

(Concluded on page 20)

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Try it ... next time you are at the Canteen or Mess. It's a perfect thirst quencher. Plenty of body. A real drink ... So, too, is O'Keefe's OLD PORTER .. And there isn't a better light beer brewed than O'keefe's PILSENER LAGER.

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# Soldiering.

(Continued)

By F. W. Powell.

Sorry. Digression is one of my greatest faults. Where was I? Oh, yes, marching orders. These are things to which I never looked forward with the least enthusiasm. Because of their novelty, the first one or two were rather interesting. Not so much the actual parade but the way in which all above the rank of private do work themselves up over it. Their enthusiasm found no echoing response in me. All right if they'd get up into the air themselves, but their persistence in endeavouring to drag me with them was most irritating. I refused to contract this inspection wind-up. Saw no necessity for it. Bawlings out may have had a depressing effect on some but they failed to dull the brightness of my young life. Without men such as myself and Barter, Newky would have found life rather monotonous. It seemed as though ours were the only means with which he was perfectly familiar. Coming on parade amidst the usual shrieking of orders to "shun" and such like, he would invariably yell out to me to sit still and not fidget. He seemed to like that so I said nothing in reply.

Earnshaw was my sergeant in those far off days, and a very nice one too. Like all the rest, however he'd warm himself up into a sweat over an impending marching order parade. Another thing that tickled me immensely was his out-spoken contempt for we "civvy" soldiers. His flow of ripe, rich language was a gift. After listening to a specially hearty discourse one came to the conclusion that he thought as we did on many subjects regarding those in authority over us. For all that Earnshaw was a fine figure of a soldier on parade. He was very human. Many are the little services for which I now thank him publicly. For instance. Le-maitre and myself had a small stable to ourselves. This was an admirable arrangement for we missed much of the purely regimental business. It was the custom then for the O.C. of the squadron to inspect the horses just prior to feeding them. While he was going round the big stable, Earnshaw, somehow or other always managed to slip over and prepare us for the impending visit. In consequence when Newky did appear Le-maitre and myself would be hissing like dog robbers as energetically we groomed our pugs. Even this met with no response. Our diligence was not rewarded with a couple of stripes.

Most carefully did Earnshaw train us into the way a troop horse should be dressed for marching-order inspections. Lacking the necessary interest I must admit the little profit

gained from his coaching. It was always the same. With the rest of the regiment letter-perfect I'd be wrong somewhere. If there were not too many loops in the neck-ropes the sword would be wrong about face or the shoe-case would be absent. No wonder sergeants quickly lose that first bloom of youth.

Just the same it is a hell of a job to dress a horse properly, isn't it? Not so bad for the good, conscientious soldier who packs his saddle over night. This method never appealed to me. In the first place I'm far from strong. To stagger under a packed saddle unevenly balanced on your head to where you last saw your horse, only to find he has taken it into his silly head to move off elsewhere, is, to say the very least, most trying. Being blinded by the many dangling things of aforementioned saddle on head, you stagger into another poor blighter in a similar plight. Picking yourselves up you exchange fervent blessings, apologize for carelessness, find your friendly plug, admonish him slightly, gently shove him into this place and with a mighty heave that relieves your breeches of the two remaining buttons, hoist saddle on head again, and blindly grope for the horse. As you drop the thing on his back (Really, you are not supposed to drop it. It should be "placed carefully," but you're not strong enough to perform this feat). As I was saying as you drop the thing on his back the sword will probably hit you across the face, but take no notice. Fervently do you pray as you straighten out the many things that instead of hanging on each side have got under the beastly thing. This done you make two surprising discoveries. Both blankets have dropped to the floor, and, worse than this, the brute you've saddled is somebody else's. Your own horse, bless his little heart, is worrying the day's forage at the end of the stable. It is to be supposed that under such circumstances troopers would swear but I can assure you madam, that this we never did.

Because of these handicaps I refrained from packing my saddle until the saddle itself was first on the brute's back. Incidentally this course makes the tin of saddle soap last longer. Once my moke was saddled I'd be the busiest man in the stable. After cleaning with a wet sponge the visible parts of the saddle I'd wander round and round the brute hanging things on him en route. Hanging and cleaning as I went. That's system for you. That's how the war was won, my son. Spit and polish with the addition perhaps of a little eye-wash. The mess tin was

always a problem for in the scramble after breakfast I so often left it in the billet and never missed the damned thing until the troop was turning out. Then more swearing. The sergeant this time. The mess tin was bad but the heel peg was worse. This thing really annoyed me. Could never see the need for carrying it. Do not remember ever using it legitimately. Handy sometimes with a stubborn horse but the heel peg was not intended for this purpose, was it? My real reason for disliking the heel peg was because I never knew just where it was. It was the cause of my becoming dishonest. The actual pinching was not so bad, it was the nasty remark at the discovery of the thief that were so hard to bear with Christian fortitude.

All these trials, however, sink into insignificance when compared with the stupendous undertaking of rolling and strapping on the cloak unaided. My Gord. (How I controlled myself upon these occasions is a source of comfort in my old age. It is as well I did not obey that advertised impulse. Had I done so the government would be out one horse. Being always numbered amongst the unwice virgins I left things until the last minute. On these occasions one has little faith in the theory of Universal love. Couldn't possibly have. Ask for assistance and discover those you thought your comrades are possessed of no heart at all. So wrapped up are they with their own troubles, that they seem ignorant of your very existence. Ever try to roll your cloak yourself? The result is never a thing of beauty, is it? Looks like something the cat has brought in. A badly made sausage. A misshapen roly-poly pudding, bulging out just where it shouldn't. Anything at all but a nicely rolled cloak. Even I was never, no never, satisfied with my cloak but it had to go just the same. After breaking most of my fingernails the thing would be secured in the neighbourhood of its middle attached with necessary strap to the centre of the back arch of the saddle. You will excuse my just pride in making such a display of my familiarity with the technical details of a saddle. As I was saying, the cloak would be attached to the centre of the back arch and yet did not seem exactly right, somehow. There seemed insufficient. There it lay, stiffly at the horizontal position. Try as I would, pray as I would, I never succeeded in persuading it to form a graceful arc over the back of the saddle at the first shot. It was rolled too tightly. Wouldn't budge an inch. Cheerio, it's such a luvly war. Time is racing on, turn-out has blown and this blessed horse of mine shows a distressing eagerness to join his companions who are obediently turning out. He's restless. So am I. Requesting him to please stand still I unroll the cloak, re-roll it, only much

longer this time. Why go into ghastly details. (Not only is it too long but it is too loose as well. It gapes horribly. It's a mess. It makes more difficult the task of threading the strings of the nose-bags through the small holes. It looks like nothing on earth and as I join my troop lined up I hope against hope that something will otherwise attract the notice of the inspecting officer. Sand storm—anything to keep from seeing me. As I expected. Murmurings grow nearer. He comes. He growls and I realize I am to parade with the picquet at night with my cloak properly rolled. Ah me, such is life. Could be worse, though. You see it is quite a lark when the picquet falls in so it will not be necessary for me to change the cloak again. And that's about enough for this instalment. Wonder, who I have now offended? The horse most probably.

(To be continued)

## Montreal Naval and Military Tournament

Major Timmis Capt. Berteau and 40 other ranks with 34 horses proceeded by train to Montreal on May 15th and returned by road on Sunday May 20. The horses and other ranks were accommodated in marquees located at Attwater Park, opposite the Forum where the tournament was held. Stalls were built for six horses (three facing three) in each marquee and beds provided for nine in the marquees occupied by the men. We are indebted to 'D' Coy. The R.C.R. for the excellent work in pitching the large camp and for providing such excellent meals. Capt. Nicholls R.C.R. was Camp Adjutant.

The musical ride was given a very enthusiastic reception at each of the four performances.

The editorial staff heard many favourable comments from horse-lovers and horsemen in Montreal. The condition, turn-out, collected and graceful action of the horses, the riding and correct execution of the various figures, were the points most strongly noted by admirers.

We are indebted to Mr. Coleman and the band of the R.C.H.A. for the playing of the music for the ride. The time was most excellent.

The horses and personnel arrived back in barracks at 5 p.m. on Sunday without accident. Rain was encountered on the march home.

The following newspaper com-





The thrill of enjoyment that comes with the good things of life, is yours with every Player's—

*"It's the Tobacco that Counts."*

# PLAYER'S

## NAVY CUT

---



ment is from the The Gazette, Friday, May 18th.

"Perhaps the most spectacular display of the evening was the musical ride of 'A' Squadron of the Royal Canadian Dragoons. Co-ordination between man and beast was the key-note and the steadiness of the men in the saddles was accentuated by the fact that the colours of their saddle blankets harmonized with the scarlet and gold of their uniforms. The men wore the old brass helmets and the scarlet jackets faced with gold. To the tune of 'Comin' Thro' the Rye' the horses pranced through every possible movement without a faltering step, moving in mass and open formation, in figures of eight, threading through mazes and going through intricate individual manoeuvres. Horses will follow a leader readily enough, but it is not easy to train them to act independently when other horses are near them.

The mounts of the dragoons act as the rider directs and altogether independently of the other horses. This display reached a dramatic climax with a realistic cavalry

### A SPECTATOR'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE NAVAL AND MILITARY TOUR-NAMENT.

Montreal, May 17-19, 1928

The Naval & Military Tournament held at The Forum in Montreal this month was probably the finest ever seen in Canada since the war. Altogether some 21 units of the Permanent and Non-Permanent Militia participated. The splendour of the pre-war uniforms, the pomp and pageantry usually associated with the past, the uncanny precision and superlative training of the Gentlemen Cadets and Mount St. Louis Cadet Corps, the picturesque ceremonies of Retreat, Trooping the Colour, Guard

charge in mass formation, the men charging down the centre of the arena with lances levelled and pennons fluttering."

We congratulate Colonels Perry and Chassé of the District Staff to whose efficient work the success of the tournament is mainly due.

Mounting and most of all the impressive final display of all units as they assembled in the dimly lighted arena with the searchlights directed on the Colours and massed bands playing "Land of Hope and Glory" will long be remembered by all who witnessed it. As the manager of Earl Carroll's Vanities said, "Let me take that show to Madison Square Gardens and I'll make a million with it." The Trench Raid was a remarkably realistic episode of modern war and revived stirring memories of other days under different conditions.

The swiftness with which the events followed one another would be the envy of many a modern theatrical producer, this being one example of the efficiency with which the show was run.

### Happy Days

R.H.L.: Me an' the missus is plannin' our vacation an' is lookin' ahead for the fun we'll have patchin' tires, eatin' wet hamburgers, ants in the flapjacks an' huntin' dry wood that somebody else has

overlooked and the wonderful sleep out of doors, with the mosquitoes humming gently in our ears, a sudden deluge through that little hole in the top of the tent, and the comforting feeling of sand in our bed and best, Dick, is that satisfied, restful feeling that will come over us when we get back home and go to work.

R.H.L.: Did you ever hear the one about the lad who had been severely wounded in a battle and lay on his cot dying? And the general, seeing him there, came over and with compassion and pity in his voice said, "child, I see you have not long to live. Tell me your name and I will tell your mother!" And with his dying breath the little boy whispered, "My mother knows my name."

Tutz.

"Mother," cried little Mary, as she rushed into the farm house they were visiting, "Johnny wants the listerine. He's just caught the cutest little black-and-white animal and he thinks it's got halitosis."

# WALZEN PASTRY

- IT IS THE BEST - -

Sold by all Groceries in 98s., 49s., and 24s. bags.



The Royal Canadian Dragoons send their sincere sympathies to the gallant Cherry Pickers of whom we saw a great deal of during the Battle of the Somme. Those of us who have chosen this branch of the service because of our love for horses agree with the trooper's remark. The horse is certainly a true chum; reliable, honest and free from the many vices of men.

## HUSSARS' FAREWELL MOUNTED PARADE

"Make Much of Your Horses."

Order Obeyed for Last Time

Aldershot, England.. April 27.

"Make much of your horses."

The famous cavalry command rang out for the last time on the parade-ground of the 11th Hussars' Barracks at Aldershot.

Troopers patted their horses' necks affectionately. It was a farewell gesture.

From today the Hussars become an armored unit. Since 1715 they have existed as a cavalry regiment.

Two sabre squadrons were on parade mounted today. Officers were in front with sabres drawn. The squadrons were motionless while four special photographs were taken.

A large crowd had gathered around the parade ground. It included wives, sweethearts and daughters of the men of the regiment and many who had served in former years. The ceremony was a very brief one.

Although the official farewell took place on the parade ground, the real good-byes were said and whinnied in out-of-the-way corners in and around the stables.

"Into Second Gear."

"My consolation," said Sergenat Christie, "is 'that my horse is going to the Royal stables. The other horses are to be sent to regiments where they will be well looked after.' The animal going to the Royal stables is Clara, a very stately mare.

What the change means can be imagined.

Instead of "Trot" there will be some such command as: "Hussars—into second gear."

To the ex-infantryman of the war it is a puzzle how the R.S.M. ever gets a "Wait for it" in. The change has had a mixed reception.

One trooper asked: "Who wants a tank instead of a real living chum?"

The 11th Hussars were originally the 11th Dragoons. The regiment was raised in Essex was present at the Battle of Culloden Moor, and in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. It has been known as "The Cherry Pickers," because a detachment was captured in a garden in the Peninsular War and as "The Cherubims" because of the red trousers the men wear. The title of Prince Albert's Own was bestowed on the regiment as the

escort of Prince Albert when he was married to Queen Victoria.

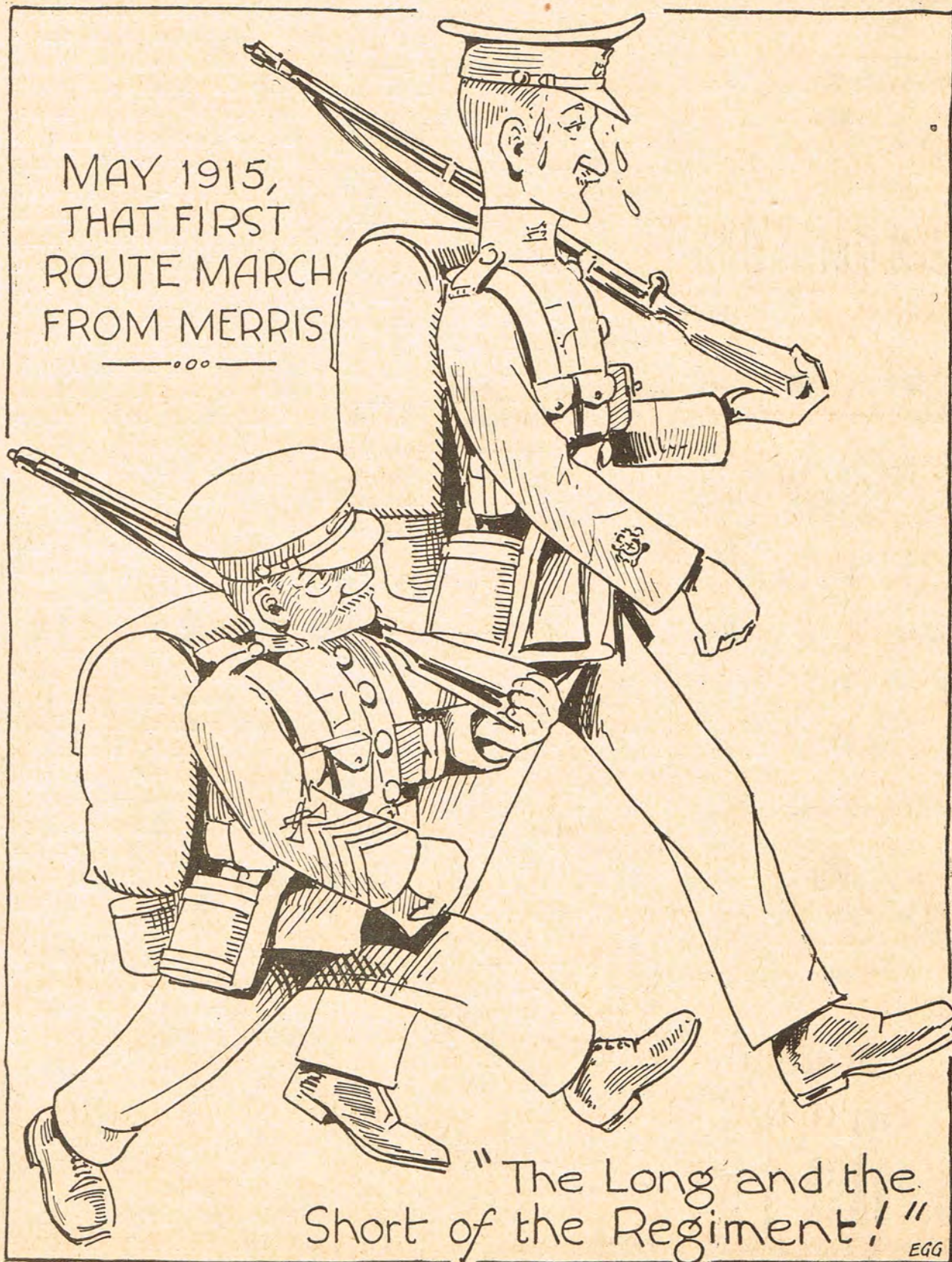
The man with the thirsty eyes and highly coloured nose was on his trial. The arid rustling of parchment and the dry tones of his counsel seemed to cause him to suffer. Ever and anon, vainly he endeavoured, with a tongue drier than the imported variety of the most prolonged curing, to moisten his parched lips. The charge against him was of illicitly selling alcoholic liquors.

The long peroration of his coun-

sel drew to a close, with it seemed no point made to impress either judge or jury in his favour. "Look at my client," concluded the man of law, "Do you honestly think that he looks like a man who would sell drink if he had it?"

In less than one minute the jury brought in their verdict 'Not Guilty.'

However much our prudes may be shocked by the modern girl's skimpy clothing and liking for cocktails, she will probably continue to gin and bare it.





Half an inch, half an inch, half  
an inch shorter;  
The skirts are the same of mother  
and daughter.

When the wind blows each one of  
them shows

Half an inch, half an inch more  
than she oughter.

Mary has a little skirt

So neat, so bright, so airy;

It never shows a speck of dirt,

But it surely does show Mary.

#### Another Scotch One

(Add in Sat. Eve. Post.)

"Hoot, Mon, Luckies dinna hurt  
My throat or wind," says Sir  
Harry Lauder, celebrated star.

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## The Major's Prisoner.

BY WILL R. BIRD

(Courtesy of the Legionary)

The sun had just dipped beneath the horizon over towards Avion and the long hot July afternoon was at an end. "D" Coy. of the Royal Canadian Regiment paraded beneath trees that fringed a barnyard pond, a slim spruce officer checked up on gas masks, and the men moved off in file to a trench beyond a row of shivered poplars. They threaded their way in silence, sneezing now and then as dust clouds arose from patches of rank grass.

At the trench, sixteen platoon was sent back to "report at the dump." They moved along the shattered poplars to a ruined cottage. There they fell out while their officer and a C.E. Sergeant stood gazing down a toy-like narrow gauge.

In the rear of the party a stocky figure shifted uneasily, watching every movement with an odd alertness. Finally this uneasy one sidled up to a lanky individual who sat on a pile of brick.

"What are we goin' to do next?" he asked in a low tone.

"It'll be a carryin' party, of course," said the lanky one, huskily. "Ain't we waitin' for the train?"

"Ah-h, I see. Thank you," replied the uneasy one.

The lanky man rose to his feet. "You new to this outfit?" he queried.

"Ah-h, yes. I just come up this afternoon. I've been two weeks at the 'bull rings'." The uneasy man sighed as he answered.

"They're bad, those bull rings," said the lanky one, reflectively, "but old 'Sunshine' is worse."

"Ah-h, who or what is he?" said the new man timidly.

The lanky man glanced apprehensively about him. "He's our R.S.M.," he whispered. "a bloom-in' brass king that has you shin-in' before you get out of the trenches and drills the old bat off its feet every time he gets the chance."

"Ah-h!" The newcomer turned and his glance, too, was apprehensive. "I—I thought there wasn't any of that stuff up here," he faltered.

The new man was silent a time and then he turned with a jerky movement and thrust out his hand. "I'm Dick Parsons," he said, with obvious effort, "and I'm from Nova Scotia. Lived up in the hills and fished mostly."

"H-mm," said the lanky man ignoring the proffered hand, "another herrin' choker! No use makin' acquaintance up here. They get killed off so fast you're just learnin' new names for nothin'." Their conversation ended abruptly. With much clanking and creaking the train drew in and sixteen platoon assisted in unloading an assortment of corrugated iron, pickets, "A" frames, barbed wire, sand bags, etc. Dicky emulated his fellows as much as possible, and some twenty minutes later found himself going up a trench underneath a tangle of pickets. In front of him and behind him men cursed and growled as their different loads caught in the turns of the trench or became entangled with each other. Dicky perspired freely, and his arm ached, but his attention was taken by the flicker of Very Lights far in front, the rush of occasional shells overhead, and the appearance, here and there, of yawning black dugout entrances. It seemed miles before they were allowed to deposit their burdens.

The men stood about for a moment, conversing in whispers, and impressed by the situation. Dicky stepped up beside a man who stood peering over some sand bags. "Where are we now?" he wheezed in the fellow's ear.

The sentry turned slowly and surveyed him. "We're in the front line, my lad," he said at last.

"Ah-h!" Dicky seemed to shrink in his clothes, and stepped down hastily.

"Nothin' will hurt you," said the sentry carelessly. "Step up and have a look, but no chin music."

Dicky straightened cautiously and looked into No Man's Land. Directly in front of him all was dark, but to his right the Hun flares rose and fell describing

fleeting parabolas of brilliant light and casting strange shadows over a weird landscape. The gaunt skeleton of a house stood out in inky silhouette against the fitful glare of the star shells, and bullets buried themselves in it with vicious thuds as a machine gun rattled from some point farther on.

"This is the edge of Lens," said the sentry, "and you guys are comin' in here to-morrow night."

A crisp voice somewhere in the gloom bade sixteen platoon, R.C.R.'s. to lead back. Dicky hurried down the first turn he came to and, bewildered by the strangeness of everything, blundered into a sap. Soon his feet found slippery clay instead of duck boards, and he halted.

"Who the devil are you?" rasped a grim voice.

Dicky jumped back instinctively. "Ah-h. I'm with a carryin' party," he stammered. "Di—dd they go this way?"

"No, son, they did not," came the answer from the unseen. "and don't you come here again either. This is a brigade gun post, and we usually shoot first and inquire afterwards."

Dicky floundered back into the proper C.T. and just managed to catch up with his platoon before roll was called as they left the duck-walk. In his blankets some hours later, Dicky lay with eyes wide open and listened to the rats that raced in the walls of the billet. He had had his first glimpse of the "line" he had visualized for eleven long months, and he was still hearing that grim voice in the darkness: "We usually shoot first."

For fifty-three years Dicky Parsons had lived in a little white-washed house high up on the hills of Nova Scotia, on a ridge known as the 'Boar's Back'. There he had trapped in the winter and acted as guide in the summer and autumn. Tourists often visited the

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Boar's Back, as the brooks and lakes there were famed for trout, and Dicky was an expert with rod and reel. His existence had been a constant battle for the necessities of life, the little man's heart being too generous for his circumstances—yet he had been happy withal. His one ambition had been to see more of the world, and war had brought him the opportunity. He found the Government willing to clothe and feed him, pay his transportation, and allow him pocket money, after a few enlisting attempts taught him to conceal his age. But, when duly attested, Dicky learned to his sorrow that the way to Europe was paved with unending drill. His would-be instructors were soon equally sorrowful, and presently the mountaineer found himself attached to the cook's domain. Apt and willing, as far as work went, he was, soon a favorite at the "kitchen."

In England his battalion was dismembered and he was stranded in a kilted outfit. He suffered horribly until the pressing need of men in '17 enabled him to squirm into a draft bound for France. The fact that it was going to one of Canada's smartest regiments meant nothing to Dicky. He saw it only as an escape from hollow-backed sergeant-majors.

Dicky's first night in the trenches was to him a night-mare. An unsympathetic corporal set him to repairing a parapet that had been blown in. The new man was ignorant of such work and was much interested in the Hun flares that dropped intermittently. The N.C.O. came around and tested the rebuilt wall. It collapsed at his touch and Dicky received unmistakable instructions as to its rebuilding. He was also presented with an "A" frame, in place of one rather damaged, but when the corporal departed a Fritz machine gun poured a stream of bullets just above the break in the trench and Dicky crouched low. Then clustered red and green lights appeared on his left where a sharp bombardment had opened, and the new man forgot entirely the placing of the "A" frame.

His second attempt at a parapet satisfied his taskmaster, however, and it was not until morning light revealed the frame perched jauntily just outside the re-built wall that hurried questions were asked

and Dicky was verbally drawn and quartered. Old Fritz took a more than friendly interest in the new piece of trench furniture, and the remarks of "D" company were sulphuric. The words "Jonah" and "hoodoo," luridly embellished, were painfully frequent.

The second night was a repetition of the first, but Dicky profited by his experience and made no blunders. The third night he was sent out on listening post duty with "Catty" Fisher, a company scout. This scout delighted in breaking in new men, and his favourite spasm was to dilate on the danger of No Man's Land, at the same time recalling incidents of the past in which new men had been victims of Hun steel and strategy. Dicky listened to the whispered comments and shivered in spite of himself. The night air was rarely free from the slash of bullets, and things seemed to move in the shadows. At length Catty looked at his wrist watch's luminous dial. "Take hold of the signal wire," he whispered, "and go back to the trench. Ask the sentry what time the patrol's comin' in, and come back and tell me."

Catty had the signal wire attached to his arm. It ran back to the arm of the sentry on duty in the trench and though the night was dark, it was easy to travel with such a guide.

"The patrol will be comin' in pretty soon," growled the sentry. "I ain't got no time table and they were goin' to try and pick up a Heinie. Tell Catty to come in, and don't leave no 'A' frames out there."

"D" Company could not forget the strafing Dicky's carelessness had gained them.

In his hurry, Dicky tripped over some debris as he made his return trip, lost his hold on the guide-wire, and tumbled headlong into a saucer-like crater. He was somewhat stunned but scrambled to his feet, climbed out of the crater and felt for the wire. Finding it, he rubbed his bruises and went on. He halted suddenly and froze in his tracks. The acute instincts life in the open had developed told him that he had travelled beyond the distance necessary to reach Catty. He must have the wrong wire.

He remembered that No Man's Land was strewn with old tele-



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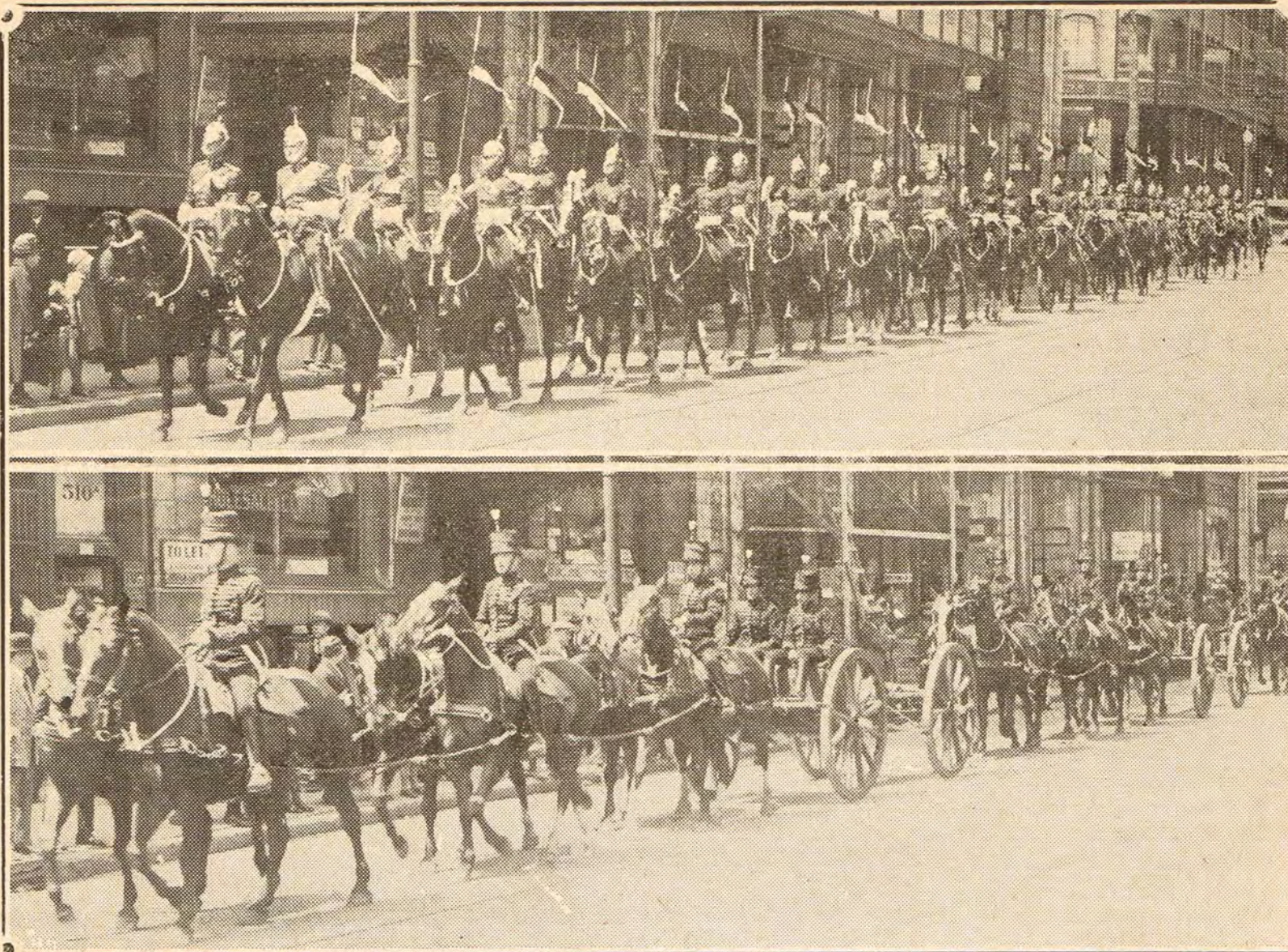
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Above:—"A" Squadron, R.C.D. Musical Ride marching through Montreal during Naval and Military Tournament held May 17-19.

Below:—Royal Canadian Horse Artillery from Kingston, who put on their famous Musical Drive.

phone wires and a cold sweat broke over him. He started to go back and found to his horror that the wire circled, and he came upon a dozen craters exactly like the one he had tumbled into. The little man's scalp crawled as he heard the panting of hurrying men. Dropping to knee he released the safety catch of his rifle. Black blurs in the gloom approached rapidly and his heart seemed to back-fire as a flare soared aloft and outlined the "coal-scuttle" helmet of the foremost man. Dicky did not doubt that he was discovered, and his Lee-Enfield spoke savagely. The German pitched forward, like a drunken man, and lay still. Profuse Canadian profanity broke forth into the startled night and, too late, Dick saw that the other men were the missing patrol. He had shot their captive.

As the light vanished a venomous machine gun fire swept the area.

The patrol and Dicky escaped by wriggling into ditches, but it was nearly an hour before they were able to get back to the trench, where only the presence of the platoon officer saved the newcomer from violent hands. Loud and passionate were the maledictions called down on the head of "D" Company's 'Jonah.'

Huddled on the chicken-wire in the semi-darkness of a damp dug-out, Dicky was indeed miserable. The little man's faith in human nature was weakening. As strongly as he had longed to explore new pastures, he longed for the Boar's Back and his white-washed home.

On their first "rest" back of the lines, Dicky investigated some old gun emplacements and there discovered a weather-stained skull. Shocked at such a circumstance, he brought it back with him to the billet, intending to procure a spade and bury the awesome relic. But his trophy attracted attention, and

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the more superstitious ones, led by Catty, demanded that he take it away at once. The bugle blew the cookhouse call at the moment so Dicky took his find to the garden of his billet and left it beneath some bushes. Scream upon scream came from that direction the next morning at parade time. Madame had gone to the garden to get vegetables for dinner and behold a skull grinned at her from a covert of vines. Dicky was taken before his slim and spruce company commander and sentenced to fourteen days "Number one."

Two months passed and only the tenacity engrained by his primitive life in the mountains kept up Dicky's courage. He had found "Sunshine" to be all that his lanky informer had stated, had three different misdemeanors marked in his pay-book, and was now openly styled "the Jonah."

One evening, after stand-to, the second in command of the battalion came into the dugout. Dicky had only seen this officer from a distance, yet had been aware of something vaguely familiar about the man. He ventured into the candle-light for a closer view.

"What's your name?" The major was a red-faced husky-breathing stalwart, and shot the question with dramatic suddenness.

"Parsons, sir Dicky Parsons."

"Not from Boar's Back, Nova Scotia?"

"Why—ah-h—yes, I live there."

The major chuckled "And you don't remember McTaggart?"

Dicky's vision grew misty. Regardless of the others, he sprang forward and wrung the major's hand. He was seeing again long shadowy pools in the hills and a campfire where squatted a very uncouth and red-faced man, counting his day's catch.

"Y-yes, sir, I do" Dicky's voice was high pitched with feeling. "Them was the best days ever, and I'll never forget the morning you hooked the three-pounder off Floatin' Island."

"Dicky," said the major gruffly, "you must come to my dugout."

Dick went gladly. And the joy of meeting this old sportsman he had so often guided—a human who considered him a friend—loosed his tongue and before he caught himself he had told his hatred of France and all therein, as well as his pining for the home in the

hills. Then his leathery countenance crimsoned until it rivalled McTaggart's.

"Ah-h. I'm not a quitter, sir," he ended. "and—and I'm sorry I said so much. I'll be O.K."

McTaggart had listened without comment. He filled his pipe, then he shot questions. "Dicky, how old are you? Don't you dare lie."

Dicky squirmed and evaded, but in vain. "I'm fifty-three," he admitted at last, "but age doesn't hurt me a bit."

The major faced him impressively. "Listen, you old fraud," he said gruffly, "I'm leaving for Canada in a few days. Over-age, same as you, tired, same as you, and not quite smart enough for this mob, I guess. Too many newfangled ideas of soldierin'. You'll come back with me as my batman. I'll fix your papers at brigade."

Parsons tried to speak, but his tongue would not function. "Ne-

ver mind, Dicky," snapped the major, "go back to your dugout. I'll fix everything so's you'll go back whatever happens."

"Ah-h—happens?" Dicky's voice came back.

The look in McTaggart's eyes stilled him. For a moment there was silence, then the major used grim dogged tones that Dicky had not heard before.

"They think I'm a has-been," he said slowly, "and they laugh when I mention South Africa, but I'm goin' to push the laugh down their necks. Brigade wants a prisoner, been asking for a week, but without losses. I'm going over to the 'Verboten' trench, Dicky, and bring back a Heinie."

He scratched a match and lit his pipe. "So long, old man," he rumbled. "Get out, and keep everything under your hat."

Dicky knew it was useless to argue. He trudged back to the trench as if he were suddenly aged

He had glimpsed paradise. During his turn on duty and the rest of the night he racked his brain for some scheme to save the situation, some plan whereby he could frustrate the major's mad intentions. After stand-to he could not sleep. The drip of water down the chalk walls of the dugout, the snoring of the men, and the rustle of rats unnerved him. He went up to the sunlight.

The front line skirted the mining town of Lens, and the Hun had honeycombed the place with gun emplacements, trenches and tunnels while it had been in his possession. Many broken-down passages opened into the trench that the Canadians had wrested from him, but minor accidents from failing bricks and timbers had necessitated orders that only engineers on duty go in such places. Dicky anxious for solitude, forgot such orders and dodged into a tunnel near their dugout, where he leaned



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against a barricade of refuse just inside.

For an hour he studied his problem from every angle, and could not think of a way to balk McTaggart and still retain his friendship. A timber on which he leaned gave suddenly and slid away, leaving quite an opening. In a trice Dicky had moved others. Lighting a candle he held it high and peered. He saw that beyond the barricade a man could move quite easily, and without more ado he wriggled through to a damp, evil-smelling passageway. A pair of mouldy boots and a shovel with a broken handle were his first finds. Then he came to a recess in the tunnel that held a few German helmets of the "coal-scuttle" type, belts, overcoats, and tunic. Though moldy the clothing was practically new. Dicky pushed on a bit and found the way drier. He stumbled over a mess tin and far ahead in the gloom a low moan sounded. An icy hand seemed to traverse his spine. In a twinkling he had extinguished his candle and was making frantic retreat. After bruising himself considerably in the utter blackness, he stopped to listen. There were no sounds of pursuit, so he moved with more caution but dared not light his candle.

When at last he emerged at the trench entrance he had calmed himself and the sunshine gave him courage for his decision, a decision that lifted the clouds from his war-wearied brain. His mind, attuned to outwitting game or wary fish, was now, in lighting flashes, reaching toward a solution of his difficulties. In his kit he had a German automatic that he had purchased cheaply from a beer-thirsty machine-gunner, and armed with it and his flash light he meant to re-enter the tunnel and find out what or who had groaned. He did not believe in ghosts and the possibilities of a prisoner for McTaggart gave him unusual courage.

He heard the moaning again as he saw the battered mess tin. It was certainly a human in distress, and Dicky advanced steadily, his trigger finger taut. Around a turn he saw his man, a German soldier, pinned under crossed beams and rubbish. The dirty-gray uniform and the "square head" could not be mistaken. The trapped man blinked his eyes in the light and began to whine.

Dicky could not understand a word but by much tugging and lifting he got the fellow clear. The German was too weak to rise, but made his rescuer understand that he wanted water. Dicky saw that piled wreckage beyond prevented escape in that direction and that the fellow would not follow him into the Canadian trench. He searched his man for weapons and to his surprise found none. Then, after trying to make the Hun understand that he would return promptly, he left. The fellow lay with his eyes closed and the only intelligible word he uttered was "Kamerad!"

Dicky gained his dugout unnoticed, got his water bottle filled and his pockets full of rations. One of the sleeping men owned a pair of high trench boots and the little man removed the laces from them with the stealth of a burglar. Another venture and he was back in the passage. He found that the German had crawled some distance during his absence. After a long pull at the water bottle the fellow sat up and wolfed down bread and cheese, like one famished. By sign language he indicated that he had been imprisoned three days. Occasionally, he put his hands up anxiously and reiterated, "Kamerad! Kamerad!"

Dicky observed the bull-dog jowls of the fellow, the glint in his pig-like eyes, and these observances nerved him for his task of lashing his prisoner's wrists and ankles. It was noon when he crept into his blankets again, but he slept soundly.

At night it was drizzly and the star shells gleamed and fell in silver trajectory, but nothing could dampen Dicky's cheerfulness. He went to McTaggart's dugout at dawn and the grizzled officer greeted him good-naturedly. "Hope you kept all I told you under your hat," grunted the major.

"I have," said Dicky promptly. "Ah-h, when do you go after your prisoner?"

McTaggart raised on one elbow "Dicky," he said solemnly, "I know the very workings of your mind. You go back to your blankets. When I go for a Hun I'm goin' alone. Dismiss."

"Ah-h, but I know where you can get one easily—after dark. They're in a tunnel and you could go in alone."

Dicky poured it all out in a

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mouthful, and his eagerness gained him a hearing.

The major seemed skeptical of the sounds Dicky claimed to have heard. "Why didn't you report them?" he queried.

"Ah-h, I'm afraid they would laugh at me. They call me a 'Jonah'," said Dicky.

"Well, I'll be there at nine

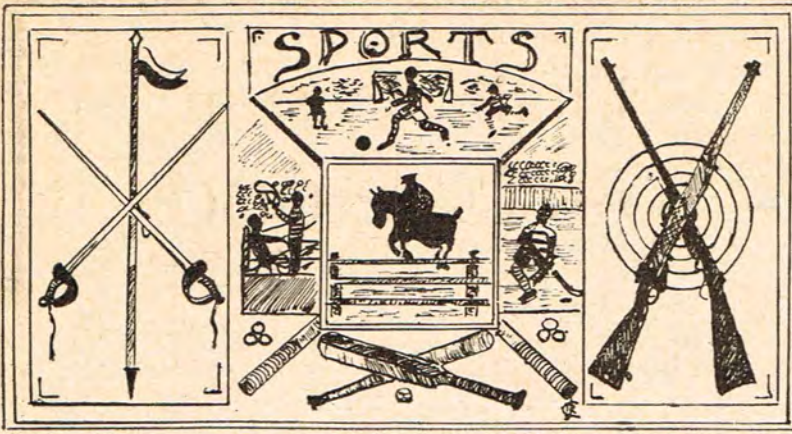
o'clock, Dicky, and I'll go into that place. You can come after me, if you care to."

Dicky's heart warmed anew to the old veteran. "Thank you very much," he managed to say, and was gone.

In the trench above he fairly danced. His plot perfect.

(Concluded in next issue.)





(Toronto)

A softball league has been organized between the troops of "B" Sqn., R.C.D. and the platoons and machine guns section of "B" Coy. The R.C.R. To date only three games have been played and it is impossible as yet to pick the ultimate winner.

Football practices are taking place twice a week within the Sqn. A quantity of new material is available and it is hoped that "B" Squadron will be able to render a good account of themselves at Petawawa this year.

(St. Johns)

#### Garrison 4—Singer 0

The Garrison Football Team got away to a good start on Wednesday May 9th when they defeated the Singers to the tune of 4-0, in the opening game of the season. Weather conditions were ideal and the pitch in excellent shape. Singers undoubtedly have a good team this year and it is the general opinion that the Garrison should not have won by such a big margin. McLean played as usual a splendid game and it is doubtful if Clarke in goal ever showed up better. Allingham on the left wing scored a somewhat fluke goal on a pass from McLean but seems a popular substitute for Cornwall in that position.

The first goal of the season was scored by McLean in the first half and during the latter part of the last scored two more. S.S.M. Tamlyn and Pte. Gough played their first game on the Garrison Team and proved very useful.

The fans were all pleased to see S. M. Smith display his well-known prowess once more as a full-back which position he played to entire satisfaction.

In the absence of Mayor Georges St.-Germain, Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O. opened the game.

The line up as follows: Clarke, Dawkes, Smith, Rowe, Tamlyn, Gordon, Dooley, Harris. McLean, Gough and Allingham.

#### Garrison 3-Farnham 0

Garrison scored their second victory of the season when they defeated Farnham by the score 3-0 on Saturday, May 12th. The teams received a cool reception, both from the weatherman and the fans, the small attendance of the latter being the result of chilly weather.

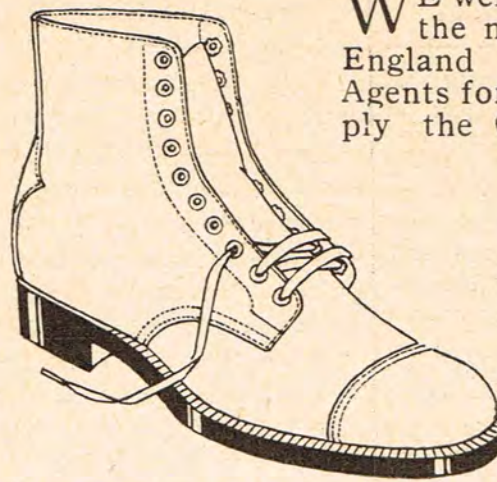
Farnham were completely out of the picture from the start to finish and the game degenerated into an aimless kicking affair, the result being that before the game had finished the few spectators began to move off. Farnham players are very popular with the soldiers. They are keen on the game and good sportsmen.

Line up: Clarke, Dawkes, Smith, Rowe, Maj. Timmis, Gordon, Dooley, Harris, McLean, English and Allingham.

#### INTER-TROOP FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

May 28th—R.C.R. vs. 3rd Troop  
31st—1st Troop vs 2nd Troop  
June 4th—2nd Troop vs R.C.R.  
7th—3rd Troop vs 1st Troop  
11th—1st Troop vs R.C.R.  
14th—2nd Troop vs 3rd Troop  
18th—3rd Troop vs R.C.R.  
21st—2nd Troop vs. 1st Troop  
25th—R.Q.R. vs 2nd Troop  
28th—1st Troop vs. 3rd Troop  
July 5th—R.C.R. vs 1st Troop  
9th—3rd Troop vs 2nd Troop

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The following is a transcription of "Tipperary" as the sounds would be given by a Japanese in the romanized system of representing Japanese characters:

It sa rongu ue t sue Chipperari,  
It sa rongu ue t su go;  
It sa rongu ue t su Chipperary,  
Tsusa suitesu gaarai no,  
Gudo bai Pikajiri.  
Fuea-ue-ru Resuta Sukuea;  
It sa ron-rongu ue t-su Chipperari,  
Bato mai haat su raito zeya.

Camouflage, says Gantrey-Gus, is like a non-conformist minister coming out of a pub using his toothpick.

No Gravy.

Abee: "Why are you running that steam roller over the field?"  
Seedy: "I'm raising mashed potatoes this year." (Orange Peel.)

They grinned when the waiter spoke to me in Greek but their laughter changed to astonishment at my ready reply:

"I wanna roasta bif san'wich, star-r-r-omberry pie. two cup shaw-fee," was the simple and clear statement I made without hesitation.

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## BEASTS OF "WHATEVER DESCRIPTION,"

(Continued from page 9)

To multiply examples of what has been a recognised practice since the Middle Ages would be tedious. One more may be quoted, however,—from the Articles of War governing the forces engaged in the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion in 1685. There we find an almost identical provision which may be given *verbatim*:—

"If any Trooper or Dragoon shall lose or spoil his Horse—by negligence or Gaming, he shall remain in the quality of a Pioneer or Scavenger, till he be furnished at his own charge, as good as were lost; And if he be not otherwise able, the onehalf of his Pay shall be deducted and set apart for the providing of it till he be re-furnished.

Doctor: "I have bandaged her right arm. She must not use it for a month."

Husband: "Couldn't you bandage the left also?"

"You brute, where did you kick the dog?"

"Ah, madame, thereby hangs the tail."

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

624 St. Catherine St. West  
Montreal, Que.

April 30th, 1928

Dear Mr. Editor.

Regarding this "Goat" of ours. How it grows! There was a time when it seemed to be in a decline. It seemed ill-nourished. Grew pale and thin and we who cared so much for it felt worried. Was it going to die? Certainly did it assume all the symptoms of one who was about to pass into the land of forgotten things.

Of late, however, it has pulled itself together. It has taken on a new lease of life. Now is it strong again and we who care for it are happy. Now, indeed, is it a link between the regiment that was and the regiment that is. Each month we find old friends coming out of their retreat and we welcome them gladly. In this way is it performing a most important function. In spite of difference of opinion it draws us together. Sentiment plays a very large part in every life. All these chaps are part of the finest thing I ever did,

and whenever one of the lost ones is discovered. I feel I must rejoice publicity over him. Silly? Sloppy? Perhaps.

Our latest is Green who could certainly draw but never, never could make head or tail of a trumpet. Welcome home Georgie, my son! Now you've discovered where we live, call again. Come often for we're always glad to see you. Just the same, between you and me, don't know why the devil I did not slaughter you, when, at Woignarue, I found you weak and powerless.

Here's hoping that others will declare themselves, and take a hand in making this old "Goat" of ours a truly imposing animal.

Truly yours,

FRED. W. POWELL.

"Said the Scotsman"

A Scotsman went to the grocer's for some eggs. "How much are these eggs?" he asked. "Two pence-half penny each," answered the boy. "The cracked ones you can have for a penny." "Crack me a dozen," said the Scotsman.

## Knees

To your eyes and your hair,  
Your complexion so rare.

I could write oh such wonderful  
verse;

But whenever I see  
You uncover your knee,  
I feel sorely tempted to curse.

Now I'm keen for your lips  
And your new straight-line hips  
And your white pearly teeth  
make me stare,  
But my dearest one, please,  
Won't you cover your knees,  
I don't really care for them bare.

I'm in love with your talk  
And the way that you walk  
And most all that you do seems  
to please;  
But there is one thing just  
Aggravates me, you must  
Make arrangements to cover  
your knees.

Van H. Esherman.

"Why did you stop singing in  
the choir?"

"Because one day I didn't sing  
and somebody asked if the organ  
had been fixed." Tiger

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